

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

An exchange inquires how not to grow old. The best way is to become an actress.

A lady, joking about her nose, said: "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

Stern parent: "Another bad report, my son?" "Yes, papa; you must really talk to my teacher, or he will keep on doing it."

Some of the Florida hotels are going to put in the electric light and dispense with the clerk's stud.

It is understood that President Cleveland will make Dr. Eucharist Chaplain of the Tallapoosa.

"Bub, will you hold my horse for me for about ten minutes?" "Not exactly. I kin git ten minutes most any time, but I'd hold 'im for yer for about ten cents."

A Michigan fisherman recently hooked a pickerel that was found to contain ten pounds of honey and a swarm of bees. If anybody wants to nail this lie we will furnish the spike. Our arm is so tired that we can't do it.

"Your father was nothing but a simple stone-mason." "I know where you got that information." "From whom did I get it?" "From your father." "How do you know that?" "Because your father used to be my father's hod-carrier."

"Well," said George, "I must go," and then he said good-night with the Emma Abbott attachment thereto appertaining. "If you must, you mused," replied Linda, "look at my hair and ruffie." And he ruffled.

A funny story of alien ignorance is told by the "Atheneum." A Spaniard the other day, after gazing at the facade of London University, pointed to the statue of Harvey, and remarked to the friend who acted as his guide: "Just like you

practical English to erect a statue to a man because he invented a sauce."

One day opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire. A brisk conversation arose between a Texan and an Irishman, on the Federal side. "What are you fighting for, anyhow?" "I'm a fitin' for \$13 a month. I believe ye're fitin' for \$11."

From the dairy of a hypochondriacal husband: It is the misfortune of my wife to have too little to do, and too much to say. * * My wife is very accomplished, she used to give public lectures, but since our marriage these have been given only in private. * * My wife is as silent as the tomb—that is, a tomb with a tombstone, which says everything. * * I have only one fault and that is my wife.

Peculiar Result of an Accident.

The Duluth Tribune makes the following statement: "It was more than three weeks ago that John Johnson, a laborer in the Duluth Lumber Company's mill, was injured by being struck in the head by a stick flying from a saw. The stick broke the skull just over the left eyebrow, and when Dr. Davis dressed the wound he took out a piece of the skull about an inch and a half large, exposing the brain. For some time Johnson's recovery was very doubtful, but he improved, and is now doing well. The peculiarity of the case lies in the fact that the wound has not entirely healed yet, and that it appears as though it would not heal; for the wound reached the nasal cavity, and now the patient actually breathes through the hole in his skull—that is, he can breathe so when he chooses to. He is now doing well, and promises to fully recover, except that he will always have the choice of breathing through his nose, his mouth, or the hole in his forehead."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

Do not arraign the rain while it holds the reigns, for its reign will soon be over when Sol gets his ray in. Then he will be arrayin' the earth in beauty.

A prominent Michigan lumberman, whose wealth was too much for his democratic peace of mind, got out a patent of nobility and a coat-of-arms recently. His motto was "Vidi." Only his classical friend's knew it meant "I saw."

"Sal, is anybody a-courtin' on ye?" inquires an anxious friend. "Wal, yes," says Sal, "there's a feller kinder sorter courtin' on me an' kinder sorter not, but rather more kinder sorter not than kinder sorter." There are plenty of that sort, by the way.

A recently propounded conundrum by a member of the Lower House of the British Parliament: "What is the difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords?" Answer: "One has ability; the other nobility."

Said Brown to Parker: "What's the difference between a watermelon and a cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly, as he said: "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a watermelon, you would."

Eulalia (sentimentally)—"Oh, no! I have no desire for great wealth. I should be happy, very happy as the wife of a noble bread-winner." George (practically)—"And I should be happy, very happy, as the husband of a good bread-maker." She concluded to learn.

A little Vermont girl called at a drug store, and said: "My mother wants ten cents worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was jumps she had been sent for; but returned to her mother for further instructions. Very soon she came back and said it was hops she wanted.

At a meeting in London, to receive a report from the missionaries sent to discover the tribes of Israel, Lord H— was asked to take the chair. "I take," he replied, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall feel very much obliged."

A Deadwood husband issues this advertisement: "My wife Sarah has shot my ranche. When I didnt Doo a thing Too hur an' I want it distinctly Understood that any man That takes hur In an' keers fur hur On my account Wil get himself pumped so Full of lead that Sum tenderfoot will locate him fur a Mineral clame. A word To the wise is sufficient an' orter work on fools."

"My pa's poorly, and ma's gone away till he's better, she has," said one little Hoboken girl to another the other day. "What's your ma gone away for?" asked the other diminutive gossip. "Because the doctor said pa had to be quiet, and pa said he thought he couldn't be quiet with ma about the house, so ma had to go."

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you, too?"

Fitznoodle was out again worrying the life out of the ducks with his shot-gun. He blazed away at some ducks, and an unseen man on the other side of the pond rose up, threateningly, with a long gun, and called out: "Did you shoot at me?" "Did any of the shot hit you?" inquired Fitznoodle. "Yes, they did," said the man, rubbing his legs. "Then you may be certain I didn't shoot at you. I never hit anything I shoot at."

A person of an odd turn of mind, riding on horseback, met with another equal to himself in a lane so narrow that neither could pass without giving way, which neither would do. Both made a halt, and not a word was spoken till the first-mentioned took a newspaper out of his pocket, which he began to read to himself with great composure. The other, determined to exhibit an equal degree of patience, took his snuff-box from his pocket, and very leisurely taking a pinch of snuff, gravely said, "Sir, when you have done with that paper, I shall be glad to look at it." This so pleased the humorist that he immediately took off his spectacles, seized him by the hand, and insisted on his going home to dine with him.

Johnson once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into the fish market and put a woman in a passion without saying a word she could understand. The doctor commenced by silently indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the state in which a man's olfactory could endure their odor. The Billingsgate lady made a verbal attack common in parlance. The doctor answered: "You are an article, madam." "No more an article than yourself, you misbegotten villain." "You are a noun, woman." "You—you," stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of titles she could not understand. "You are a pronoun."

The bedlam shook her fist in speechless rage. "You are a verb, an adverb, an adjective, a conjunction, a preposition, an interjection!" suddenly continued the doctor, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely conquered the old woman, and she flung herself down in the mud, crying with rage at being thus "blackguarded" in a set of unknown terms, which, not understanding, she could not answer.

The Extravagant Hindu Legend.

Of the Hindu legends the most striking feature is their wildness. Is it a protest against the dull monotony of life in India? Or is life less monotonous to the native than to the European? La Behari's tales, however, are wilder than the wildest bit of "Arabian Nights." A young man puts an egg of the toontoonia bird into a cupboard, and out of it comes a baby that grows into the loveliest girl the world ever saw. The mannik stone in some snakes' heads is worth the wealth of seven kings. In a certain city an elephant is king-maker, but the king of his choice only reigns a day, for out of the queen's mouth comes a threadlike snake, which slays him in the bridal chamber. A long-lost son, who has fallen in love with his mother, and has mounted the cow-house roof that he may break in and carry her off, happily hears his life's story from two calves that are quietly disensing him below. A wife going out of doors on a dark night, accidentally knocks up against a Sankchinn, white lady ghost, that sat on a low branch. The revengeful creature at once took her by the throat, thrust her into a hole in the tree, and went in, taking her shape so completely that the mother-in-law, that universal inmate of the Hindu hut, was deceived. The only difference was that, whereas the wife had been weak and languid, the ghost was brisk and active. "She has turned over a new leaf; so much the better," said the mother-in-law, when the errands and the cooking were done in next to no time. But one day the old woman caught sight of the ghost fetching something from the next room ghost fashion, by stretching out a long arm—for ghosts can stretch their limbs a great way, though not as far as Rakshasis can. She said nothing, but told her son, and they watched, and before long they saw the kitchen hearth ablaze, though they knew there was no fire in the house. Looking through a chink they saw that the wife had thrust her foot into the oven

and that it was burning like a bit of wood "She's a ghost," they whispered as they went for the oja, who tested her by burning tumeric under her nose. She proved her ghostship by screaming, and was then beaten with slippers till she confessed and showed where the real wife was, and was again beaten till she promised never to do the family any further harm.—All the Year Round.

A Trick of the Hindoo Fakirs.

Dr. Roland D. Jones, a member of the Philadelphia Association of Pharmacy, says the Hindoo Fakirs are people of good morals, abstemious and clean in their habits and strict believers in the Brahmin faith. He tells some tall stories of their tricks. "The third day we went to see them," he said, "there was a very stout Englishman in our party. While we were looking at their tricks, without any notice my clothes were suddenly transferred to my stout friend and I discovered his clothes on me. We were in a sad plight, as the Englishman could not move, my clothes fitting him so tightly, while his clothes hung around me like sails on a ship in a calm. While we were contemplating our position the clothes were again changed and each had his own suit."

A Natural Sequence.

The other day a tender father took home to his little boy a little piece of honeycomb. It pleased the youngster exceedingly, and he had a great time with it. Next day the father found the hopeful with all the brushes in the house around him carefully examining them. "What are you doing with these things?" "Please, papa, I'm looking for honey." "You don't expect to find any honey there, do you?" "Yesterday you told me it was honey in the comb, and isn't there honey in the brush, papa?"

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